

# The Joy of Rationalization

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Category: Halo

Genre: Drama, Humor

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-08-19 20:44:11

Updated: 2007-08-19 20:44:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:12:41

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 427

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: RvB: After loosing Tex, Church is forced to contemplate that maybe his teammates are more than just meatshields. It is neither a welcome or particularly comforting thought.

## The Joy of Rationalization

Author's Note: I never thought I'd write anything based on Halo ever. But Red vs. Blue has changed that. Kudos to RoosterTeeth. I haven't written stream-of-consciousness in a while, and Church's character was akin to a carrot on a stick to my muse.

\* \* \*

>I can understand Texâ€"there was history there; something actually worth mourning the loss of. But Caboose? Fucking <em>Caboose?</em> I didn't even realize I was screaming at firstâ€"not until we were getting the hell out of there and Tucker was babbling about time looping in on itself and all the other happy horseshit got set into motion.

I still don't like thinking about what it would have been like if he'd actually died. What the fuck is that supposed to mean? We've been an ass-hair away from death for months and the moment someone other than me gets blasted to shit I start off on this sentimental tripe like my fucking dog just died.

That's not a bad analogy for Caboose, actually. Big, dumb and loyal as hell. Like some kind of retarded mutant Labrador retriever.

And Tucker...everyone's favorite asshole. Not mine, but even Tex trusted him to some extent near the end. Even if he was just trying to get under her armor. And I'm convinced that the only reason he bitches about not getting to use the sniper rifle is that he's desperate to compensate. Not that he needs to.

I mean, really though, what the hell? Just because you live with the

same guys for months on end, eat with them, share every waking moment of your conceivable life with them, blast them all through time and back; accidentally try to kill them, then non-accidentally try to save their lives doesn't mean you like them. I hate those fucktards.

Besides, asinine or no there's still a goddamn war on, and the way this army works we're bound to end up killing each other one dayâ€”or ourselves, from the desperate desire to salvage as many brain cells as possible before they're all slowly and painfully leached away by the pulsing moronic aura that emanates from Caboose on our side and Donut on the Reds'. Until then it's in the vested interest of survival that at least the sides be kept even. On my end that just seems to translate into keeping two of the biggest cockbites in the gulch alive, no matter how determined they seem to disagree.

End  
file.